

The Times-Dispatch
Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street.
South Richmond.....1300 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau.....202 N. Mycena Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....210 Eighth Street
BY MAIL One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. No. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$5.00 \$1.00 \$1.00
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00
Sunday edition only.....2.00 1.00 1.00
By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents
Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1913.
A \$17,000 CLERK.

Seventeen thousand eight hundred and forty-seven dollars and seventy-nine cents was only a part of what the people of Virginia paid to James V. Trehy, clerk of the Corporation and Law and Chancery Courts of the city of Norfolk, for his services in the year beginning September 1, 1911, and ending August 31, 1912. Sixteen thousand eight hundred and forty-seven dollars and seventy-nine cents of that amount was paid in fees under the operation of the fee system. That sum represents the compensation received for only seven of the seventy-five different sorts of services for which clerks of Corporation and Chancery Courts are allowed fees by law.

From a conservative estimate these items should make the total receipts of his office considerably over \$20,000 and, allowing liberal salaries to his employees, the office nets Mr. Trehy probably not less than \$25,000 a year, asserts Eugene A. Bibbins, who declares that he has carefully examined the records of Mr. Trehy's office, and who has set forth the results of his inquiry in the Norfolk Gazette, whence we derive our information. Inasmuch as the fee officers of Virginia as one man have declined to disclose the amount of compensation derived by them under the fee system, it is unlikely that there will be either official denial or confirmation of the estimate.

For the following seven classes of entries, Mr. Trehy received in fees the sum set opposite each, according to the statement above referred to:

Deeds and deeds of trust.....	\$ 8,344.61
Conditional sales contracts.....	2,533.00
Marriage licenses.....	956.00
Recording judgments.....	126.00
Release deeds.....	978.25
11 actions at law and suits in equity.....	444.00
Fees for collecting State taxes on deeds, etc.....	3,196.43
Total.....	\$16,647.79

The city of Norfolk gilds refined gold, paints the lily, throws a perfume on the violet, smooths the ice, adds "another hue unto the rainbow and with taper light" seeks "the beauteous eye of Heaven to garish" by voting Mr. Trehy an annual salary of \$12,000. The Norfolk City Council firmly believes in a minimum wage.

Seventeen thousand eight hundred and forty-seven dollars and seventy-nine cents at the minimum! Even were it the maximum, James V. Trehy would receive \$5,847.79 more than William J. Bryan, Secretary of State and the foremost Democrat of his day. He would receive \$7,847.79 more than Woodrow Wilson did as Governor of New Jersey. His compensation would be as great as the salaries of the Governors of South Carolina, Nebraska, South Dakota, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont combined. He would be paid \$5,847.79 more than the highest salaried Governor in the United States. He would draw \$10,347.79 more than the chief clerk to the President of the United States. He would get \$5,847.79 more than the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States. The clerk of the Corporation and Law and Chancery Courts of Norfolk would receive \$2,847.79 more than the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He would have in his annual pay envelope \$2,847.79 more than Senators Martin and Swanson together are paid in yearly salary; \$12,847 more than the Governor of Virginia receives; and \$12,647 more than the President of the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

The excessive compensation received by the clerk of the Corporation and Law and Chancery Courts of Norfolk is not anomalous. There are legions of other fee officers whose compensation in comparison with the service they render is out of all proportion. If the fee system did not generally overcompensate the beneficiaries, a salary system could be substituted for it, but fee officers have been determined to keep their own coop the hen that has laid hundreds of golden eggs, and they have succeeded. The fee officers' lobby in the last General Assembly was powerful, and it prevailed. It strangled every bill the purport of which was to say to the fee officers, "You must tell the people, whose servants you are, and with whose money you are paid, what amount you receive in fees." There are hundreds of other fee officers who are as much overpaid in their respective spheres as Mr. Trehy is in his. There is no clerical position in the local or State government of Virginia to which a larger salary than \$3,500 should be attached. In what private business would a clerk be paid more than that?

The people of Virginia are responsible for the existence of the fee system, not James V. Trehy. If the people permit their legislative representatives to leave alone a system which overpays public officers, the people are to blame. If they hand \$16,647.79 on a silver platter to the clerk of the Corporation and Law and Chancery Courts of Norfolk, it is not to be expected that he will refuse it. It is human nature to take what we can get. If the people of Virginia desire to give away money without rhyme or reason, James V. Trehy has a right to take it. If they prefer to put money

into his pockets instead of converting it into better roads and better schools, they are to blame.

Do the people desire to end the excessive overpayment of public officials under the fee system? If so, the remedy is simple. They have but to exact from their legislative representatives before they are elected a pledge to vote to abolish the fee system, root, trunk and branches. That will stop up the hole through which tens of thousands of dollars annually are lost to the people.

The people have the power to destroy the fee system. Will they exercise it? The matter is squarely up to the people.

VIRGINIA SHARES THE NATION'S GRIEF.

Each hour almost adds to the story of devastation by storm and water throughout the Middle West. The loss of life and property is unprecedented in a region where great natural disasters have been rare. To a nation anxiously waiting for news, the broken strands of telegraph and telephone bring tidings that wring the heart and arouse the deepest and sincerest sympathy. The suffering and trials of the stricken States and communities are shared by every citizen of the land. They are our kinsmen, and whatever grievous burden comes upon them comes upon all the sisterhood. With hearts of gloom and foreboding, but faith unshaken, we send condolence and promise of aid to those who mourn amid the terrors of the unbridled elements.

The people of Richmond and of Virginia live in a region blessed by God Himself with an climate of beneficent serenity. It is almost beyond the imagination of our quiet lives to understand the ruin and wreck due to floods and hurrying winds. We have never been visited by such catastrophes, nor do we know what it is to live with danger, lurking unseen, but potent in the very air around us. The face of nature here is full of gentleness and peace. We are humbly thankful that we have been spared.

Yet our own safety shall never lull us to selfish forgetfulness of the suffering of others. Nay, more, our own gratitude should make us doubly responsive to the call from stricken homes and families. Out of the gifts that we have been dowered with, we must answer whatever demands may come. Now, we do not know the extent of the visitation, but whatever it may be, the people of the South stand ready to serve. Food, money, men, open hearts and homes, all that we have is offered to our countrymen who have fallen beneath the shadow of sudden death. We want only to hear what may be needed. What we can send is ready. If need be, the South is prepared to offer asylum and welcome to those who may seek comfort here. Virginians are moved beyond the poor symbols of speech in the face of mighty and terrible disaster. All that we have received from the warm sun and the rich earth speaks our silent sympathy.

RICHMOND'S SHARE IN THE JACKSON MONUMENT.

It lacks but a few weeks of half a century since the people of Richmond, with hearts bowed down, bared their heads and wept as the body of Stonewall Jackson was borne to lie in state in the Capitol of the Confederacy. Never before and never since did so terrible a pall of sorrow fall upon the people of this city; and yet there is neither here nor elsewhere a monument of noble and heroic mold that adequately expresses the immortal love in which the people of Virginia and the rest of the South hold the memory of Jackson.

Determined that this condition shall exist no longer, an association has been organized and chartered to erect an equestrian statue to commemorate the character and career of General Jackson. It has entered upon this high and patriotic endeavor with confidence and enthusiasm. From all sections of Virginia and the South have come messages of encouragement, but it is to the people of Richmond that the first call for assistance is made. "First, we appeal to the citizens of Richmond for prompt and generous support, that we may honor the great man who defended our city and gave his life for our Commonwealth, and gave imperishable honor to American manhood and to our country," declares the Rev. James Power Smith, D. D., the sole surviving member of Jackson's staff and the president of the Jackson Monument Association, in a circular letter addressed to the people of the former Confederate capital. "The monument proposed will be another ornament to our city and an enduring lesson to generations in all that is high and true in patriotism and in personal character."

The Times-Dispatch hopes and believes that this appeal to our citizens will receive splendid response. Let us see to it that the trinity of memorials to Virginia's great generals of the Confederacy is completed by the erection of this monument. The equestrian statues of Generals Lee and Stuart should be accompanied by one of General Jackson. Thousands of persons annually come to Richmond to see its great historic memorials, but they ask in vain for one related to the memory of Jackson by the people of Virginia and the South. They must be content with that built by his English admirers. There should be no further delay. Richmond should be the most liberal contributor to the Jackson monument fund. Personal solicitation should not be necessary. Let those who will aid make direct contribution to the treasurer, E. D. Hotchkiss, or to the National State and City Bank. The men, women and children of this city must not let slip this opportunity to do an enduring honor to the memory of the greatest military genius that the American continent has brought forth.

SAVING MONEY AND HEALTH.
What is this progressive ideal? The Times-Dispatch is not infrequently asked this question. Fighting for a progressive Virginia, we are taunted

with being radical visionaries, sentimental uplift workers, crusading reformers, and many other things that make good phrases. There is no objection to being radical, visionary, sentimental, a worker, a crusader and a reformer, though all told they make a right large order. But when the essence of such ideals is compacted in one adjective of progressive, it means not a theory or a program, but a spirit. That spirit means giving the people a square deal in the opportunities of this world.

The best definition is by example. One progressive ideal is driven home on this page in the plea for a just salary to fee officers in return for adequate work, with the surplus now going to swell private incomes devoted to public improvements, such as schools and roads, for the benefit of the whole people. Another example is the decision of the Attorney-General ordering persons confined in city and county jails for State offenses to be sent to work on the roads. It is progressive and modern to use prisoners at healthful outdoor work that will help them in body and morals and result also in a saving to the entire community.

It is progressive to use common sense in making prisoners pay their own way by work. Auditor Moore very rightly objects to paying \$140,000 of the State's funds to maintain prisoners in idleness, even though certain officers are thereby aided. Under the new plan, the State will still have to pay the keep of these men, but in return will receive an improved road system. No hardship will be done any man by this order. Boys under sixteen will be exempt, as will all others who may show just reason to the court. The working of those between sixteen and twenty-one will also be discretionary with the judge.

It is progressive to treat offenders against law as human beings. In this case the Board of Charities wants the prisoners to work on the roads because it will keep them healthy, and teach them industrious habits, and so better morals. The Highway Commissioner wants them because they will help build better roads. The Auditor wants them to work as a return for their cost to the State. The Superintendent of the Penitentiary wants them to work because it is in keeping with modern penology.

Wise prison laws for the benefit of the community by the labor of the men and by their reform after serving a sentence is part of the progressive idea. Correction and use for the community, and not exploitation, is the gist of this admirable movement.

GREATER RICHMOND OPTIMISTS.

As one petitioner said last night, "The suburbs of Richmond come like the city's children asking to be taken under the family roof." From every quarter representatives of the neighboring regions proclaimed their faith in Richmond's future, and asked to be given a share in that splendid hope. They were all optimists. Even the two or three pessimists objected not to annexation, but urged moderation and a gradual extension of the corporate limits. For the city itself, the Chamber of Commerce and the Business Men's Club told why the city needed to expand, and clinched their arguments with facts. It was a "boosters' meeting, with a well-built and prosperous community of 175,000 and a rank of twenty-fifth in the nation as the immediate end of their ambition.

This faith in the future of Richmond is not visionary. It is founded on solid expectations. The Times-Dispatch desires to stress the most potent reason for annexation. This is the marvelous growth of Virginia and the South. We must grow, not only to have room for homes, or to take in those exiles who are really our fellow-citizens, but to provide a metropolis worthy of this State and this Southern treasure house of wealth. All petty considerations will be swept aside; all minor difficulties of bonded indebtedness, slow extension of urban facilities, tax rate and desire to preserve country residence districts must inevitably be overcome by the pressure of a great people who demand a city adequate to the needs of their section.

The South will force Richmond to grow, no matter what its own citizens think of the matter. It is encouraging to see so many broad-minded men who realize that we are not dealing in acres, but States; not for an isolated village, but for a great mart of trade and banking and manufacture. No wide-swinging radius of area will exceed what we shall actually need within the next decade. The magic growth of the past few years is just beginning. Two miles in every direction is a modest estimate of our almost immediate needs.

Annexation pessimists are blind men, too narrow to see the golden opportunity that awaits us. They might as well try to harness the wind as to get in the way of our progress. It is not in the province of the Council, or the suburbs, or the Chamber of Commerce, or the courts, or the people of Richmond to say whether we shall grow. It is human evolution. It is the wealth of our fields, fisheries, mines, factories, railroads, waterways and laborers that demands of Richmond an area spacious enough to house the metropolis of a great people.

Clutching a piece of cordwood, we announce that this 13 year doesn't seem to be such a jinx after all.

Maybe W. Wilson had been reading Bret Hart's tale of the childlike and bland Ah Sing when he vetoed the Chinese loan.

Maybe if we paid our diplomatic representatives nothing at all, they would feel more like assuming the honors.

The rainbow and the insane nymphet seem responsible for feminine styles.

Why is it that the Richmond theatrical season always seems to open wide just as the weather gets warm?

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Patience Tests Job Never Tried.
Coloring a meerschaum pipe.
Waiting for a train at Kennebunkport, Maine.
Trying to raise mushrooms in the cellar.
Hooking his wife's gown up the back.
Trying to turn down a like insurance agent.
Listening to a phonograph at a friend's house.
Waiting for somebody to come and take him automobile riding.

Following Instructions.
The report was carried to the captain that the passenger in stateroom No. 23 had died, and the captain ordered a deckhand to go and throw the body overboard.
A few minutes afterward the deckhand reported. He was covered with perspiration and gave all evidence of having had the fight of his life. His face was scratched and his clothing torn.
"Did you follow my instructions?" asked the captain.
"I did," he replied. "The passenger in stateroom No. 23 has been put overboard as per your instructions."
"No. 23?" shrieked the captain. "I didn't say stateroom No. 23. I said No. 22."
"Well, I guess that's my mistake," replied the deckhand. "That fellow in No. 23 told me he was a doctor, but some men lie so nowadays you can't believe a thing they say."

From the Hickeyville Clarion.
There was an oyster supper at the Hardsell Church last Thursday evening, and Amy Tibbs was the lucky man. He got the oyster.

The engineer of No. 17, the fast train on our railroad, has complained against station Agent Ben Bink's dog, who leaps about in front of the engine and barks. The dog runs down the track about eight miles to meet the train and barks in front of it all the way to the station. The engineer says it makes him nervous and some time he will run over that cur if he has to put on full speed and bust the hider. Old Late Tibbs missed the train the other day by ten minutes, but he was able to overtake it by walking fast before it got to Hickeyville.

The last time Uncle Ezra Sunday was down to the city he had his photo taken in two positions, standing up and sitting down. The folks around here hardly recognized the one standing up, and it was just like him. Uncle Ezra says now he is ready for any quack patent medicine concern that comes along and wants to publish his zinc etching. The last time he took Swamp Bitters, he didn't have no picture of himself, and he is a New York anarchist and put Uncle Ezra's name under it. The whiskers was all right, but the rest of the face didn't fit.

Rev. Hicks preached an eloquent sermon about fiddle music last Sunday. Rev. Hicks lives next door to Amariah Tillson, the leader of the barber shop orchestra, and has lost three cats quite mysteriously of late. Am denies any knowledge of it, however, saying that he buys all of his strings down to the city.

There is some prospects that our police force will receive a new uniform. Constable Ezra Bibbins is desirous with a conductor who got tired of a grindstone, and has offered to trade a grindstone for a single harness, a double bitted ax and a one-hand wringer for the uniform, but the conductor says he won't do business unless Ex throws a bushel of seed corn. The deal may fall through, which would be a disappointment to all. Ex wore out two or three band uniforms, but the band boys shut down on his borrowin' 'em some time ago.

Voice of the People

Disquieting Questions Growing Out of the Allen Case.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir, The "Allen case" is a matter touching the entire American nation, but perhaps at this time it may appeal more particularly to the sentiment of the South.
No one individual, without help, either from those who have gone before or those who are contemporaries, can alone accomplish a great work, requiring the outlay of a large sum of money. But one individual, with mind and heart craves to benefit the world, can plan, suggest, and work with others who are willing to help and to be guided, or to receive suggestions.

It has occurred to me to address an appeal to the veterans and to the sons of veterans, to the survivors and to the heirs of the Civil War. To members of the general public, in whose souls the fire of national patriotism is blazing or smoldering, or perhaps barely kindling—to all and every one to whom a noble object can appeal—I shall address myself, laying before them the outline of a plan for the founding of a benefit for future generations now unborn, that they may rise up and call blessed those helped in remotest degree to plant the foundation of the memorial being planned. One holding within its scope the material and moral good of posterity.

All my interest in the case is personal, public, and that public protest may awaken the Governor to a point of view that these poor misguided men should not go to the electric chair by any other consideration than the strict balance of justice; that the State of Virginia should not lower the pennant of righteousness established by her long historical character, and by the wholesome and exemplary disposition of the Henry Beattie case. I confess I have not the remotest thought that the court that tried these Allen or the Governor feel that they are just leaning to the punishment of some one to vindicate the case, regardless of the logical situation as I have tried here to point out, but seems so on its face.

Abe Martin
General James Longstreet was born in South Carolina, but in a little town of Georgia, up on the high grounds, stands an old building. It is a cup-shaped one, an old wooden building. It once sheltered the head of the soldier whom Lee had with him at Gettysburg, and whom he called his "war horse." Here General Longstreet lived and he has been here for many years, and he is finally lost. Here he is buried, and many distinguished veterans of the late Civil War. Here, too, at one time visited the man who has so recently gathered within his hands the reins of our government—Woodrow Wilson. The roof of the then home of General Longstreet—so I have been told—was born the first daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

I propose that we of the South, the united South, sons, daughters, mothers, fathers and grandfathers, begin the work of securing and preserving this old landmark, the old home of Lee's "war horse."

To see the present dilapidation, and to know that a few more years will render it less easy to preserve, is distressing.
Let us make the move. Inquire if it can be purchased from the present owners, the sons of General Longstreet, and let us, if possible, buy the place and make of it a memorial. Let us form a Longstreet memorial association, and let us then make this memorial second only to Mount Ver-

OVER THE HILL TO THE EMBASSY

From the New York Herald.



non. Let us not make of it a mere "show place."
I have in mind a plan in this connection for the good of the women of the South, to be built up by those of the Southland whose sympathies respond to my appeal, a home endowed by our gifts and our efforts, a home for women needing shelter, and yet having some means of home such as will endow in its benefits when stone and bronze memorials will have crumbled to dust.

To the beginning of such a work I shall esteem it a happy and a glorious privilege to have contributed my mite. To the beginning of this work I invite all whose interest I may have stirred to join me in contributing the first small sums, by which all such great works must be built up.

Gainesville, Ga.
L. A. NORRELL.

Omission and Commission.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir, When civilization was shocked last year by the Beattie murder in the Old Mother State of Virginia, it waited with deep expectancy for the law to vindicate with full retribution the appalling crime. How well this expectation was satisfied is universally known. The trial was with the highest degree of dignity and justice, tempered with mercy that could possibly be performed. It gave the old home State a high place in the realms of civilization in jurisprudence, and taught a great lesson by way of example to our courts, where tricks of the law have made trials too often a contemptible travesty.

But, scarcely had this deplorable spectacle of degenerate crime been disposed of when the grand old State had to face another reprehensible and unwanted outrage of crime, in the shooting up of one of her courts by a band of mountaineers, who, through disregard for the established laws, had come to suppose their own codes should prevail. Suffice it to say, the cause knew and was apprehensive of what might occur, but for some unknown reason did not exercise that prudence that ordinary communities would exercise, and omitted searching every person for firearms when admitted to the court. Therefore the crime of omission, which is as great, if not greater than commission, was the result. In the absence of the evidence adduced at the trial and known to the Governor of Virginia, it seems unthinkable that any twelve jurymen could, "beyond a reasonable doubt," convict any one present in that courtroom of murder in the first degree.

All my interest in the case is personal, public, and that public protest may awaken the Governor to a point of view that these poor misguided men should not go to the electric chair by any other consideration than the strict balance of justice; that the State of Virginia should not lower the pennant of righteousness established by her long historical character, and by the wholesome and exemplary disposition of the Henry Beattie case. I confess I have not the remotest thought that the court that tried these Allen or the Governor feel that they are just leaning to the punishment of some one to vindicate the case, regardless of the logical situation as I have tried here to point out, but seems so on its face.

Washington, D. C.
J. H. KNOTT.

Monument Avenue and West Street for Jackson Monument.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir, I read in your paper that the Jackson Monument Committee is essaying to locate the best site upon which to erect a statue and is considering Monument Avenue and the Boulevard, or Monument Avenue and Rosemont Road.

I suggest that Monument Avenue and West Street would be the best site, as it is wider at that point, and also Franklin Street merges into the avenue there.
Respectfully,
A. DRUGGIST.

Protect Girls at Home.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir, The Illinois Vice Commission has rendered A. great service to the country by investigating the cause of the downfall of girls. There is abundant reason to believe that the fault lies in the bringing up that children have had. Parents pay too little attention to the actions of their

daughters, and many would be surprised to learn that the daughter who has gone wrong started her life of shame in her mother's parlor. Most girls come in contact with a class of young men who consider the leading of a young girl from the straight path something to boast of among their fellows. This would be impossible if there had been the proper motherly care and vigilance. Girls do not go wrong because they have to work hard for little money; it is because they do not have the right kind of home training and protection, and there are plenty of men ready to take advantage of this fact.

A good many girls would rather work in a factory for 75 cents a day than do home work for \$5 a week and board. This is evidenced by the large number of street walkers to be seen on the streets every night.

Cleveland, O.
F. C.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Old-Time Wit.

About a year ago you printed one of two copies of a celebrated old bit of smartness of William Wirt, a verse about Wickham tossing Hay, etc. One intended to save the clipping, and I intended to be good enough to reprint it.

The Virginia Historical Register for 1848, page 159, has:

Wickham tossed Hay in open court. On a dilemma's horns for sport. Joek, full of wit and humor, too, Cried, "Habet foenum in cornu."

Mordcau, "Richmond in Bygone Days," ed. of 1866, page 81, has:

Wickham one day in open court. Wickham tossed Hay about for sport. Joek, rich in wit and Latin, too, Cried, "Habet foenum in cornu."

Mr. W. W. Henry, Virginia Bar Association, report for 1897, page 253, has:

One day it happened in open court. Wickham tossed Hay on his horns for Joek, full of wit and Latin, too, Cried, "Habet foenum in cornu."

These are the only Richmond variants we know of. The same scrap is in a copy of the Enquirer about August, 1867, but we are unable to locate it and do not recall how it differs from the forms given.

Two Dates.

Please tell me what days of the week were March 16, 1872, and November 4, 1875.

Monday, Thursday.
T. H. C.

Confederate Pension.

What pension does the State of Virginia pay to a major in Confederate service?

The State of Virginia is obliged to make a comparatively small sum of money each year represent as best it may her gratitude to the heroes of the war. Hence, pensions are paid not according to the rank of the recipients, but according to their need and according to the injuries received in the service, and the pension of a private is quite as large at that of a colonel.

State Flower.

What is the State flower of Alabama, and what that of Virginia? How are they chosen?

The Alabama flower is the golden-rod, adopted by the Legislature. Virginia has no State flower yet.

PUT THIS LABEL ON YOUR GOODS

Telephone a MADISON 808 and ask CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

RICHMOND
OF THE SOUTH

The National State and City Bank
invites you to open an account either subject to check or at 3% interest in its Savings Department. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,600,000.00